

MARVEL

5 of 5

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

GEORGE A. ROMERO

EMPIRE OF THE DEAD

ACT TWO

ILLUSTRATED BY
DALIBOR TALAJIC



NYC UNDEAD UPDATE!



MAYOR CHANDRAKE



PENNY JONES



PAUL BARNUM



XAVIER

FIVE YEARS AFTER THE DEAD FIRST WALKED, NEW YORK CITY HAS BECOME A FORTRESS OF ISOLATION AGAINST THE UNDEAD PLAGUE VIA THE MILITARISTIC FORCES OF MAYOR CHANDRAKE AND HIS CABAL OF SECRET VAMPIRES!

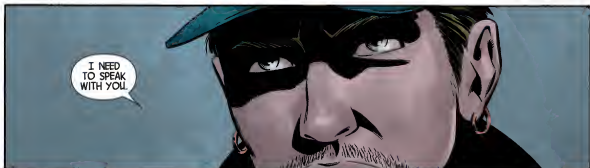
PENNY JONES, A MEDICAL SCIENTIST, AND ZOMBIE WRANGLER PAUL BARNUM ARE WORKING TO TAME A ZOMBIE (AND FORMER SWAT OFFICER) NAMED XAVIER WHO NOT ONLY EXHIBITS INTELLIGENCE BUT SHOWED COMPASSION, SAVING A STREET URCHIN NAMED JO.

BUT IT'S NOT ALL GOOD NEWS. A MAN NAMED RUNYON PULLS STRINGS TO QUIETLY BACK DARK HORSE MAYORAL CANDIDATE (AND VAMPIRE) CHILLY DOBBS TO CHALLENGE CHANDRAKE. A VAMPIRE VICTIM BROUGHT TO PENNY'S HOSPITAL BEGINS TO MAKE HER SUSPICIOUS AS CHANDRAKE MOVES UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE. BARNUM THWARTS A VAMPIRE ATTACK AND DECIDES A LINE MUST BE DRAWN.

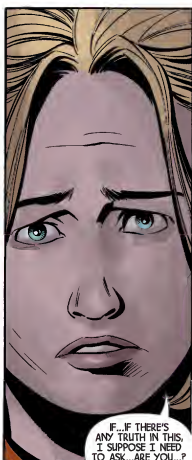
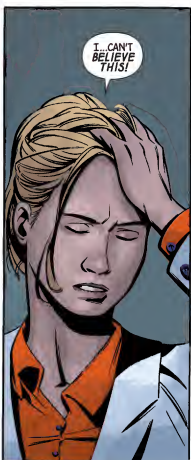
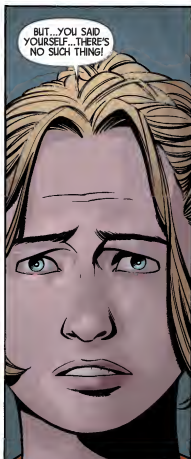
NEW YORK REMAINS A DANGEROUS PLACE. BE PREPARED. STAY VIGILANT. AIM FOR THE BRAIN.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE 
CITY COUNCIL FOR SECURITY:

GEORGE ROMERO WRITER **DALIBOR TALAJIC** PENCILER
RICK MAGYAR & GORAN SUDŽUKA INKERS **RAIN BEREDO** COLOR ARTIST
VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERER **ALEXANDER LOZANO** COVER ARTIST
IRENE Y. LEE PRODUCTION **PETER GRUNWALD** PRODUCER
JAKE THOMAS ASSISTANT EDITOR **BILL ROSEMANN** EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER **DAN BUCKLEY** PUBLISHER











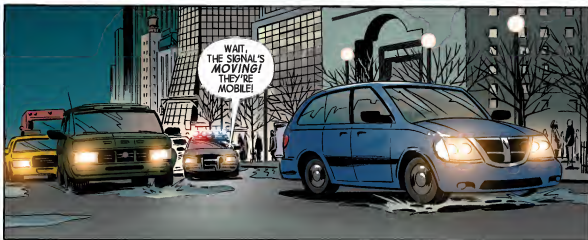
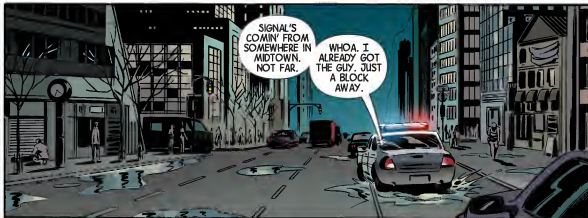
WHO ARE YOU? BOTH OF YOU? WHO AND...AND WHAT ARE YOU?!

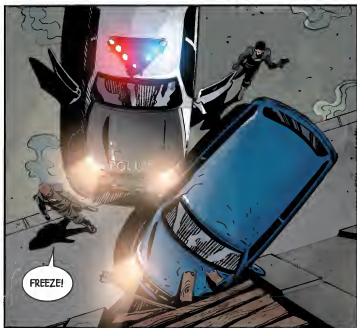
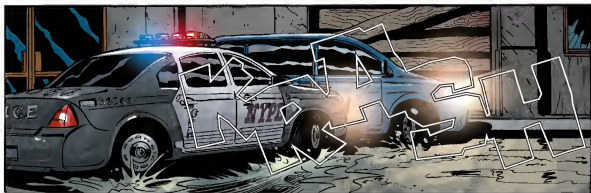
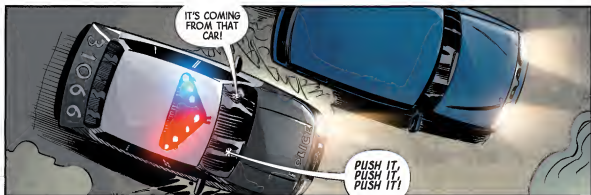


MAYOR CHANDFAKE'S
APARTMENT.













WHAT CAN I DO, EXCEPT... THIS!



BARNUM'S APARTMENT.



GIMME
A SPLASH.
WILL YA?



I MISS
YOU, PAUL. MISS
YOU BAD. GUESS
I PICKED THE
WRONG GUY.

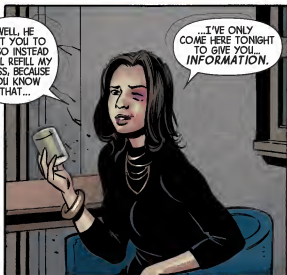


THE WAY
YOUR FACE
LOOKS, I'D SAY
YOU PICKED *WAY*
WRONG.



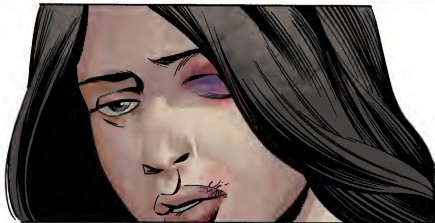
I HAVE
SOME THINGS
TO TELL YOU.
FIRST, I NEED
A DRINK.

THERE'S
ONE IN YOUR
HAND. JUST AS THERE
HAS *ALWAYS* BEEN
AS LONG AS I'VE
KNOWN YOU.





THE SORT
THAT WILL
DESTROY MY
HUSBAND.
WOULDN'T YOU
LIKE THAT?



I DON'T
KNOW IF I
WOULD OR NOT.
I'M LIVIN'
GOOD.

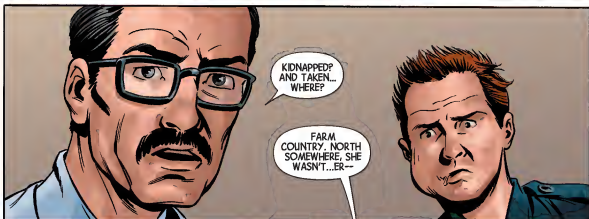
SUPPOSE I
WERE TO TELL YOU
ABOUT SOMETHING THAT
COULD BE OF CONCERN
TO EVERYONE IN THIS
CITY. POSSIBLY, IN
THE END...



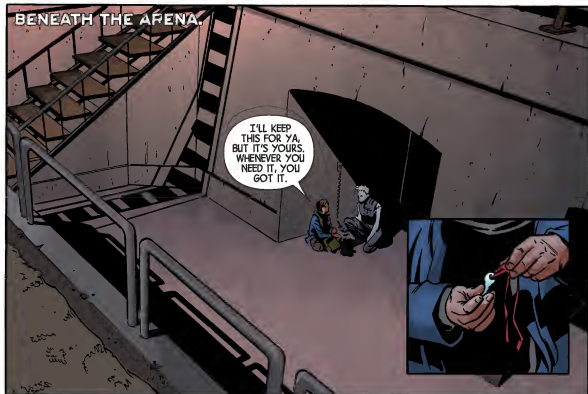
...TO
EVERYONE IN
THE WORLD...
WHATEVER IS LEFT
OF IT. WHAT
WOULD YOU
SAY THEN?

POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
LATER.





BENEATH THE ARENA.



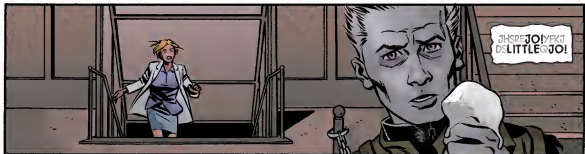
I THINK YOU WANT ME TO KEEP THIS KEY. IF YOU DON'T... JUST STOP ME FROM PUTTING IT INTO MY BAG.



PENNY JONES' LAB.



THE ARENA.





NEXT: ACT 3





FOLIE